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to big game hunters, prospectors and tourists a specialty.

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Successor to F. W. CARLYON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Traders and Trappers: Louis Levi
pays highest prices for furs. Call at
Donald Sinclair's store.

The Helen Payne came up from Lake
Bay cannery Monday.

Capt. F. H. Bold of Ketchikan spent a
day or two in town this week.

J. A. Mason and son, Colonel, and
Walter Dort came in from Masonville,
Thursday last, and spent several days in
town.

In last week's item about the Collins
anniversary the names of Dr. and Mrs.
DeVigne were omitted through an
oversight.

Frank Levi, who left for Klawack in
the Ella Rohlfis, says that Capt. Swift
will be up some time during the present
month. The new boiler for the steamer
Challenger has not yet arrived, being de-
layed on account of a railroad strike.

Wrangell will be without her electric
light for two or three weeks, or until an
electrician can be procured from Port-
land and take charge of the plant. Fred
Condon, who has operated the plant
for the past four months, severed his
connection with the management last
Monday.

The Ella Rohlfis came up from Ketchi-
kan Monday night and left out at 7:30
Tuesday morning with mail and passen-
gers for the west coast. This voyage
began the weekly trips of the mail boat.
The Rohlfis has been remodeled above
decks, the inspectors having required
the owners to reduce the size of her
house, and the change makes a great
improvement in the appearance of the
vessel.

Sunday last a party of fishermen came
into this port in a schooner and cast an
anchor not far from that big rock just
east of Point Shakesby. Tuesday morn-
ing the tide went out and left the boat
poised on the top of the rock. Another
boat was lashed alongside of the schoo-
ner to prevent her filling with water,
and the incoming tide lifted her clear of
the rock, when it was discovered that a
hole three feet long had been crushed in
her starboard bilge where she had laid
on the rock. She filled rapidly and soon
wank, but has been towed ashore. That
rock is a hindrance to navigation, even
with small craft, and should either be
removed or marked by a buoy.

The Far Niente came in from Portage
Mountain and the narrows the latter
part of last week.

Ole Johnson has just built a refrigera-
tor for Donald Sinclair to be used in the
store for keeping butter and eggs in a
cool place. It is a fine piece of work.

Don't believe a word that anybody
tells you about anyone else until you
have proved its truth.

The steamer Alaska is in readiness for
inspection, after which she will enter
upon her duties for the mill. She will
be a very busy craft this summer.

Capt. Roy Cole, who has been piloting
the Klawack cannery steamers for sev-
eral years past, will this year have the
wheel on the Prospector for the Shaken
Salmon Company.

It looked quite familiar to see the
smiling face of Louis Olsen on our town
streets this week. He came in from
Port Arthur in the Far Niente. Louis
reports the family of Capt. J. M. Holstad
getting along nicely at their new home
in the narrows.

In Miss Woods' department of the
public school, the following pupils were
neither tardy nor absent during the
month of March: Carl Carlson, Ellery
Carlson, Wallace Sinclair, Lawrence
Taylor, Walter Coulter, Sammie Enley,
Talitha Enley, Bella Horgheim, Alice
Kieucad, Elsie Moore.

Frank Levi came up from San Fran-
cisco Wednesday of last week, and on
Thursday came into this office "madder
than a March hare" and jumped onto
us for not mentioning his arrival last
week, and demanding an apology. We
apologize, but to save future trouble we
must notify those desiring their names
in the paper to reach town before Wed-
nesday, the day on which the paper goes
to press. We let Frank chew our gum,
thus getting him into a good humor,
and, after letting us talk him into sub-
scribing for the paper, he left the office
with a 6x10 grin on his face.

J. A. Mason had some hard luck Sun-
day last. He came in from his home in
the narrows with his sloop, and Satur-
day stocked up with provisions, ready to
leave for home Sunday morning. When
he started for his sloop there was noth-
ing of her visible above water except the
mast, the boat having sunk in some un-
accountable manner during the night.
She was towed around onto the flats in
the rear of Waters' store and when the
tide receded, was emptied and put in
condition to sail. All the provisions ex-
cept canned goods were ruined by the
salt water.

A PERSONAL STATEMENT

It has come to my ears during the
past few days that the report is current
that I was a participant in an attempt
on the part of a few citizens to "frame
up" a ticket and dictate the election
which has just passed. I deny such an
allegation most emphatically. I knew
nothing of any such attempt being made,
nor do I now know of any such thing
being done, although I heard of it as
pure gossip. I attended the caucus en-
tirely ignorant of whose names would be
proposed, and voted according to my
own personal convictions as to what
persons would make the best officers for
both town and school government. In
voting, every good American citizen
should cast his ballot entirely unpreju-
diced, and that is exactly what I did in
this instance.

I am endeavoring, in an humble way,
to assist in building up the little town
of Wrangell, and incidentally make a
home and comfortable living for those
who are nearest and dearest to me. I
know my business. I wish to have it
distinctly understood that I am under
the impression that I possess gray mat-
ter sufficient to warn me against show-
ing any favoritism in regard to matters
of business or indulge in any under-
handed or crooked methods in any kind
of a transaction; least of all so insigni-
ficant a matter as an election in a
town of this size.

In a town the size of Wrangell it is a
piece of sheerest folly for a person who
is trying to make a success of a business
of this kind to cater to any man or class
of men. His success depends upon his
patronage from all classes, and I trust
that the reasonable people of the town
give me credit for having better judg-
ment than to mix in the personal likes
or dislikes of any other person or class.

I want as many friends and as few
enemies as I can possibly have, and
realize that the only way to get them
is to attend to my own affairs, treat all
fairly and squarely and boost for the
upbuilding of the town in which we live.
So, if anyone, I care not who, makes any
statement to you or in your hearing to
the effect that I had any hand in any
sort of a secret conclave brought together
for the purpose of formulating any sort
of a political slate, or that I will show
ANY MAN a favor in preference to an-
other in a matter of business, you tell
him that he is a cowardly, sneaking,
lying cur, and you may call upon me to
substantiate the truth of your state-
ment. Yours for the relegation of petty
antipathy and malicious bickerings,
GEO. C. L. SNYDER.
Wrangell, April 4, 1907.

RESULT OF ELECTION

Two Tickets in the Field, But No
Excitement or Violent
Demonstrations

INDEPENDENT TICKET ELECTED

Re-electing Four Old Councilmen and
Three New Members for the
Coming Year

With two tickets in the field, the reg-
ular annual municipal election passed off
Tuesday, April 2, in perfect peace,
and became an item in the history of the
town of Wrangell.

Monday a little surprise was sprung
by the circulation of a fly-bill which
read: "Vote the Independent Ticket
Straight and get a square deal." When
this ticket was nominated, we are not
informed. However, it was a good one,
and contained the names of seven of
Wrangell's conservative and successful
business men to fill the offices of coun-
cilmembers for the ensuing year. Besides
endorsing the names of P. C. McCormack,
Donald Sinclair, H. D. Campbell
and Dr. Wm. Hughes, all of whom ap-
peared upon the Citizens' Ticket, the
Independent Ticket carried the names of
John G. Grant, Walter Waters and
Fred Willson, making an excellent and
exceptionally strong ticket.

While the voting and "lectioneering"
was carried on and entered into with a
trifle more interest than has formerly
been shown, be it said to the credit of
all citizens that there were no disgrace-
ful brawls or any other attempts at vio-
lence, as usually attend elections in the
larger towns or cities, and the election
passed off so quietly as to cause scarcely
a ripple of excitement.

Following is a list of the nominees, to-
gether with the vote polled by each:

P. C. McCormack	93
Donald Sinclair	68
Geo. H. Barnes	38
H. D. Campbell	63
J. G. Grant	60
William Hughes	53
Al. Osborne	45
Elmer Prescott	40
William Lewis	40
Walter Waters	48
J. F. Collins	34
Fred Willson	59
Frank Smith	35
Scattering	8

Total..... 107

Having received the largest number
of the votes cast, the following seven
men were elected to compose the com-
mon council for the ensuing year:

P. C. McCormack
H. D. Campbell
Donald Sinclair
Fred Willson
John G. Grant
Walter Waters
Wm. Hughes

The vote for school board officers was
as follows, quite a number of ladies vot-
ing:

For Treasurer—	
Mrs. Barnes	50
L. M. Churchill	83
Scattering	7
Total	140
For Secretary—	
Mrs. Wheeler	79
T. J. Case	52
Scattering	7

Total..... 138

The school board for the ensuing year
will be:

H. C. DeVigne
L. M. Churchill
Mrs. J. H. Wheeler

F. H. Gray, Wm. Cook and C. Edward
Weber were the judges of this election,
while Lauro R. Milligan and N. J.
Svendsen were clerks, which insures
the fact that the election was conducted
regularly and the count correct.

This office is in receipt of the report
of Governor Hoggatt for the year 1906.
The report carries a full sheet map of
the district.

G. E. RODMAN
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office up stairs in Wrangell Hotel

WRANGELL, ALASKA

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

We Sell the
Dougherty Fittman
Shoe Co.'s

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Ladies' Shoes
Gent's "
Boys' "
Misses' "
Children's "

We have just received a shipment of the complete stock that ever arrived in Wrangell. Log-
ging Shoes, Work Shoes, Dress Shoes, School Shoes.

"Under One Roof, Everything to Furnish a House Complete."

BOOTS AND SHOES

HAMILTON-BROWN: Faith, Security, Easy Walker, American Gentleman, American Lady.

DOUGHERTY-FBTHIAN: Lincoln, Cavalier, Polar, Blizzard.

B. & P.: Korrek Shape.

Kingsbury and Stetson Hats

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We Carry a Complete Line in Quilts, Blankets, Shirts and Skirts.

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We are told that the Alaska Packers'
ship leaves San Francisco for Wrangell
about the 15th of this month.

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reliably ascertain our opinion free whether an
invention is patentable. We advise you by return
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Do not buy an Experi-
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Little Giant

BEST BY TEST
RELIABLE
REVERSIBLE
TWO-CYCLE

Simple and easy to operate.
Only three moving parts, no
gears, valves or springs—noth-
ing to get out of order. Main
bearings lubricated. Workman-
ship and material of the high-
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Jump spark ignition. Not
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SAM CUNNINGHAM, Agent
Wrangell, Alaska

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IT IS ALSO VERY SIMPLE, and if
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Keep in stock a fine line of mon-
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from the best product of the

Ham Island Marble Quarry

Stones securely crated for ship-
ping to all points in Alaska.

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Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Mark Twain, at the age of 71, is in favor of peek-a-boo waisits.

Some men are able to bear misfortunes and some others have sense enough to avoid them.

The greatest advantage of the rich man would seem to be that he doesn't have to put up a front.

Italy proposes to fight the Standard Oil Company. Hasn't Italy learned that suicide is a crime?

Japan says she would not take the Philippines as a gift. Then it will really be safe to leave them out after night?

New York's population has increased by 375,000 souls in the last year. Judging from accounts, nearly all of them were chorus girls.

A youth of 19 killed himself because he was a "failure in civilized life." Poor fellow, he hadn't even got through the a b c of trying it.

It is reported that a German professor is able to make artificial rubies that are genuine. But how about the profits in the business?

Another man has arisen who says that neither Shakespeare nor Bacon wrote the plays. They will be charging it up to George Ade next.

A woman is said to have contracted diphtheria from clothing twenty years old. Anyone who wears clothing that old is apt to have most anything.

Mr. Carnegie declares that an income tax makes lions. If other taxes don't do the same thing they at least cause lions to give their talents exercise.

The advance in the price of peanuts is out of all proportion with the increase of wages; still, it is in keeping with the augmented general cost of living.

Pedro Alvarado, Mexico's richest man, is busy giving \$10,000,000 to his needy fellow citizens. It probably isn't hard for Alvarado to draw a crowd wherever he appears.

Peary is going to make another dash for the pole just as soon as he gets through reading the proofs of the book which deals with the recent dash that wasn't quite long enough.

Confectioners who sell short-weight candy might set up the plea that they consider their goods so bad for people as to make it advisable to give them as little for their money as possible.

On each day in the year there is an average of twenty-one aliens debarred from entering the port of New York. If Congress carries out its threat this number may soon be greatly increased.

Even if the salary of the speaker of the House of Representatives is increased to \$12,000 a year it will be a good deal less than an ordinary middle weight prize fighter gets for staying fifteen rounds.

Mention has been made of the "act that Mr. Rockefeller is able now, for the first time in thirty years, to eat and digest mince pie. Thirty years more of popular disfavor should enable him to make a meal of fishbooks.

The American college professor who has been telling the Germans that the Monroe doctrine is obsolete may be an authority on mathematics, but the Germans should be a bit chary about taking his judgment on matters of international politics.

Many large employers of labor—textile manufacturers, steel-mills and railroad companies—have raised the wages of their workmen without pressure on the part of labor. This is one of the signs of prosperity. Since a dollar does not buy as much as it did, the increase of wages gives a share of the prosperity to labor.

The kickers on the farm are not so hard to get along with as the kickers in town. On the farm there is the kicking cow and our long-eared friend, the mule, while in town there is the old mossback, who wants all the municipal improvements without paying for them. The cow may be sold for beef, the mule traded for a shotgun, but nothing but a funeral will get rid of the town kicker.

An excellent lesson in finance is set by the experience of the government with the silver peso, coined for use in the Philippine Islands. When first coined its face and bullion value were 50 cents, but silver has increased in value, and the peso is worth 4 cents today as silver bullion. Consequently speculators in the islands are sending the coins to Hongkong to be melted, making a profit of 12 per cent on the transaction. The approaching disappearance of the coin from circulation illustrates what economists know as Gresham's law. Sir Thomas Gresham first called the attention of Queen Elizabeth to the fact that a superior kind of currency has a tendency to disappear as soon as an inferior kind which will do the same work is introduced, or when the bullion value of the

coin is more than its face value. To keep the peso in circulation the government is considering a reduction of its weight.

Rural free delivery was inaugurated about ten years ago with a service of eighty-three carriers and an appropriation of \$40,000. During the last fiscal year the number of carriers was 35,666, the appropriation came to \$25,878,800, and the expenditures were but little below that amount. We note, however, in the report of P. V. De Graw, the fourth assistant postmaster general, a statement to the effect that the climax of development was reached in 1904, when the service was installed on 9,447 roads. "At that time the average number of petitions filed per month was 700. This average was maintained during the fiscal year 1905, but during the last fiscal year the number of petitions filed was 4,687, a monthly average of 390. Of this number 3,720 were accepted for investigation." Contrary to the old practice, the department will not now accept petitions for investigation until there has been a preliminary inquiry to show whether or not the petitioners are residents along the proposed routes. Schemes of interested postmasters and would-be carriers are thus defeated. It must appear also, before service is installed, that three-fourths of the possible patrons have provided themselves with mail boxes. An inspector is sent to the locality for an investigation of conditions and when they are favorable he lays out the route. Describing favorable conditions the report says that the roads must be good and unobstructed by gates; there must be no unbridged creeks or streams not fordable at all times of the year; there must be a possible patronage of 100 families or more on each route of twenty-four or more miles in length, or a proportionate number of families where it is necessary to make routes less than standard length. Of a possible patronage per route of 124 families in 1903 the average actual patronage was only 70, and in order to insure the service a pledge of patronage from three-fourths of the families on a route is required. Though there has been some intriguing for the job of carrier, there were 4,441 resignations last year, the largest in the history of the service, and the report indicates why. The routes are long, the carrier has to be out in all kinds of weather, he has to supply his own equipment, the maximum pay is \$720 per annum, the net rewards of his labor from \$380 to \$420. A suggestion is made that the pay be increased to \$900 for routes of twenty-five miles or more. In spite of the provision as to good roads, many carriers have to travel bad ones, and the relation of the service to the good roads movement is interesting. Carriers report on conditions for the information of State and local authorities, who thus receive the co-operation of the department. In Indiana, when a rural delivery route is established, it is the duty of the proper officials to keep the road in good repair, and under the law they are subject to a fine for neglect of this duty. Legislation like that of Indiana has also been passed in Pennsylvania, but in many parts of the country there is urgent need of effective help from the States.

One Kind of Man.
At a dinner at Newport Rear Admiral Evans spoke with scorn of a young man who had married an old woman for her money.

"That chap calls himself a man, I suppose," said the great sea fighter, "but there are various definitions of the word man, and one definition that would fit our friend best is the Peebles one."

"A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew:

"Mac, I hear we have fallen in love w' bonny Kate McAllister."

"Weel, Sanders, Mac replied, 'I was near-veer near-daeln' it; but the bit lassie has nae siller, so I said to myself, 'Mac, be a mon.' And I was a mon, and noo I pass her by w' silent contempt.'"

Philadelphia Record.

Tombstone Advertising.
Here is an advertising tombstone which shows that the art of pushing one's wares was not unknown a century ago. It is found in a churchyard in Surrey, England, and runs thus:

Sacred
To the Memory of
NATHANIEL GODBOLD, Esq.,
Inventor and Proprietor
Of that excellent medicine,
The Vegetable Balsam,
For the cure of Consumption and
Asthma.

He departed this life
The 17th day of Decer, 1799,
Age 69 years.
His clothes, ubique fama.
—New York Tribune.

A Domestic Note.
Tete de Veau took a newspaper from his pocket, chuckling.

"Look here," he said. "Look at this advertisement Smith has in the personal column: 'Come back, and I'll be kinder.' When did his wife leave him, do you know?"

"It isn't his wife," L'Oignon answered. "It's his cook."

Ill-Managed Applause.
"The applause in this theater doesn't seem to be as loud and spontaneous as it used to," said the theater star. "Is the audience cold?"

"No," answered the manager; "we have had to employ some new and inexperienced ushers."—Washington Star.

Somehow It is no compliment to a woman if a big white apron is unbecoming to her.

OUR HIRED MAN.

There never was, since time began, A bigger shirk than our hired man.

Merlasses ain't one-half as slow. When he sets out a row to hoe He takes a mornin' to a row.

But when he sets to dinner, why, You never seen a man so spry.

He covers ground like some old cow; A week is what we must allow For each blamed acre that he'll plough.

But when it's time to feed He'll have the record broke for speed.

When in the medder pitchin' hay He'll loaf one-half the livelong day. "Too hot fer work," is what he'll say.

But when to grub he dross his seat It ain't too hot fer him to eat.

In winter time he ain't much good, It gits too cold fer sawin' wood— He wants to have that understood.

But dinner time the cold's all right— It jist gives him an appetite.

When corn's to shuck or seed's to drop Or when we're harvestin' the crop He allus thinks it's time to stop.

But meal times that don't go a bit, By shucks! he never wants to quit. —Chicago News.

THE INCIDENTAL MUSIO

SCENE THE FIRST.

He tossed a collar box with surprising accuracy from the chest of drawers into the capacious Gladstone that lay on the bed, and whistled, "Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?"

The collar box was followed by various other useful articles, and the "Gibson Girl" shaded off almost imperceptibly into the National Anthem.

"It's the incidental music that I like," said his friend, who was smoking a pipe in the only armchair in the room, and resting his feet with amiable freedom on the dressing table.

Robin Seamore, known to his friends as "Bobbie," started guiltily, switched off the National Anthem, and whistled the "Gibson Girl" with tremendous gusto.

"You'll be glad to get out of England!" said the other.

"Rather."

"I wonder why?"

Mr. Seamore frowned. "I'm sick of frock coats and top hats," he said; "I'm sick of London drawing rooms, and pretending to be a tremendous swell on



PHYLLIS WAS SEATED AT THE PIANO.

two hundred a year; I'm sick of the artificiality and humbug; I want to live and—"

"And what's the name of the girl?" interrupted his friend. Mr. Seamore put his foot thoughtfully on a pile of shirts in order to "press them down."

"Isn't it rather a pity to talk rot?" he said.

"My dear old chap," said the Hon. Charles Duguid, "when a man tries to whistle musical comedy and breaks away into the National Anthem, I draw my conclusions. When a man suddenly announces his intention of clearing off to India within forty-eight hours on a year's contract with a tea planter, it means one of two things. It means the man is broke or he's gone a cropper in the Matrimonial States."

"I'm broke," said Seamore, shortly.

"I know that, Bobbie," said the Hon. Charles lightly. Bobbie Seamore had given him so many lickings at Harrow that they could afford to be rude to one another. "You are always broke. You'll always be in the same condition. Somehow I can't imagine you with money in your pocket. It wouldn't seem respectable. But you ain't such a fool as to go abroad on that account. Ergo—parading the classic reference—I ask again—who's the girl?"

"Ergo, you can go on asking," said Bobbie Seamore. "And now we'll go and have some grub."

And he tossed a new pair of patent leather boots into the corner of the room for the landlady's benefit, because he wouldn't want patent leather boots again.

SCENE TWO.

It was the same afternoon. The Hon. Charles Duguid had left his chum to finish his packing, and, arrayed in all the panoply suitable for an afternoon call, was taking tea at the residence of Sir Philip Farebrother, the most celebrated of present-day engineers.

Lady Farebrother was "out," and he was being entertained by Phyllis. Phyllis was seated at the piano, play-

ing odds and ends of things as they came into her head.

"What's that?" asked the Hon. Charles.

"Something out of 'The Belle of Mayfair,' but I forget the name," said the girl.

Charley Duguid called to mind that Robin Seamore had been whistling tunes out of that most popular piece all the morning, and the notion set him thinking.

"Strange thing that Seamore should suddenly take it into his head to cut off to India, isn't it?" he said carelessly.

"What did you say?" asked the girl, stopping the music and swinging round on the music stool. There was surprise in her voice, and something more than surprise.

"He's going to turn tea planter."

The girl turned away, because her visitor was looking at her, and she was conscious that her face was scarlet.

"Isn't it rather sudden?" she asked, with elaborate carelessness.

"It is just a trifle sudden. We came across an old school fellow last night who offered him a job, and he took it. That's all."

The girl began to play again, but she played softly and absently, as if she was thinking of something else.

"When—when does he start?"

"To-morrow morning."

The piano became silent. Then for a few bars she played very loudly, and finally broke off with a noisy cascade of discord.

"You must be dying for a cup of tea," she said. "What a wretch I am to sit here strumming!"

"No hurry," said Mr. Duguid amiably, and he reflected that, now that she had gone deadly pale, she was even prettier than when she blushed.

"So many people go to India, don't they?" she remarked.

"Heaps of people."

"I do hope he'll be successful."

"So do I."

"Let me see, do you take sugar?" she asked, balancing a lump aloft in the silver tongs with a charming smile.

"No, thanks."

She put the lump in his cup and then another, and he bore it uncomplainingly.

"Is your tea quite as you like it?" she asked.

"Jolliest cup of tea I ever tasted," said the Hon. Charles Duguid, lying gallantly. "Poor old Bobbie! I think he feels it, though, of course, he won't own up. Can't think why he's going."

"It's funny," said the girl, looking as if, so far from being funny, she thought it tragic. "He—he didn't say anything about it yesterday."

"He feels his poverty very acutely," Miss Farebrother frowned charmingly and bit her lips. "Don't you think that's silly?"

Mr. Duguid remained silent.

"Being poor doesn't make people any better or worse than they are," she said, argumentatively. "If you—like a person you don't stop to ask what his income is, do you?"

Mr. Duguid laid down his empty cup and looked at her gravely.

"If I were helress to the best part of a million," he said, "I don't know what I should do. But—"

"Well, go on."

"If I were in love with such a girl, and my income were no more than Bobbie's, I should—I should go to India."

"Why don't you call to him?" she asked, with a faint suggestion of a smile twitching at the corners of her mouth.

"Because I've only got three minutes left, and I want no one here but you," he said, bluntly.

In some queer way the moment of embarrassment had passed.

Each felt it. Each understood. "You must get in, sir," said the guard.

"Right you are, guard," said Bobbie Seamore, almost cheerfully.

"So you came out to see me off at this unearthly hour," he added, taking the girl's two hands.

"Yes, and I wasn't in bed till 8 o'clock."

It was amazingly easy to talk lightly now. Even separation is a small thing, when one understands.

Officious porters were banging carriage doors.

"I have signed a contract for a year," he said, in a crisp, decided way. "At the end of that time I shall come back to you. Will you wait?"

"Yes," she said, clearly and without hesitation. "I shall wait for you to come back."

Then he took off his traveling cap, and bent down.

"You must kiss me," he said.

She held up her lips, and her eyes, though wet, shone with happiness.

"You were very wicked to let the thought of my money come between us," she whispered.

The train gave a jerk and he sprang in.

"You must stand away now, miss," said the guard, kindly.

He had gone.

She stood on the platform, waving a handkerchief, until the train had turned the bend and she could no longer see him.

Then she turned away.

Charley Duguid was standing there, with a look of quizzical amusement on his good-natured face.

But he didn't tease her. He had too much tact. And she understood that he had kept away from the platform designedly.

"Shall I see you home?" he asked.

"No, thank you. I should like to be quite alone," she replied. And again he understood.

"May I congratulate you?"

She looked at him with glowing eyes. "Yes, you may congratulate me, and I must thank you," she said. "Listen."

A battalion of the Guards, setting out on a route march, were passing the station, and the drums and fires were playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"Isn't it a lovely old tune?" she said. And her eyes filled with tears.

"It is the incidental music," he replied, with a smile.

Parted by a Half Dollar.
In a certain Denver church on Thanksgiving day a bright new half dollar was noticed in the aisle by a woman in one of the pews. She was wondering how she'd get it, and, glancing around to see if her discovery had been noticed, she saw a woman directly behind her looking at the coin. The first woman feared the second would "beat her to it," so she put her hand over her mouth and whispered:

"How shall I get that half dollar I just dropped?"

"You didn't drop that. I dropped it," replied the other.

The women were both wondering how to get the half dollar when a man came along with the contribution box. As he offered her the box a woman across the aisle from the other two said to him:

"I just dropped a half dollar on the floor. Would you be so kind as to hand it to me?"

The man picked it up and gave it to her. The other two women, although they are neighbors, haven't spoken to each other since.—Denver Post.

Illness Thins Each Hair.
A Japanese physician has been conducting a series of experiments to ascertain whether the growth of the human hair is affected by serious illness—as is the case with the nails—and some seemingly remarkable results have been brought to light by his investigations.

He has discovered, for instance, that every serious illness has a marked effect in diminishing the thickness of the individual hairs, and by microscopic examinations he claims to be able to tell whether an illness has recently taken place and to give its duration.

According to the theories of this Japanese doctor the illness has the effect of making the hair thinner along a part of its length and the length of the thin portion indicates the length of time the patient has been ill. It is suggested that this fact, if its truth can be proved, may have importance in a question of identification.

Wanted No Appeal.
A man who was rich enough to afford to fell sick and in due time his family doctor called a consultation. After the conferees had taken several snifters and a smoke over it, they decided as the first named hoped, and he went into the sick room and reported. He said: "We are unable to agree at this time as to whether or not your trouble is constitutional, but—" "Doctor," interrupted the patient, as he raised himself on his elbow and swore a few lines, "you don't mean to tell me I have to take this to the Supreme Court to be decided?"—Salt Lake Tribune.

Don't sit down and think about what you would do if you could live your life over. Get busy and improve the rest of it.



"Gumeridge isn't a man I've a great deal of use for," remarked the citizen with the protruding waistband.

"I've only met him a few times, just when you've brought him in to lunch, but I'm free to confess I don't like him. You know I never beat about the bush. If I like a man I like him and if I don't I'm as liable to tell him so as I am to tell anybody else. I know he's a friend of yours, or you think he is; but he makes me tired, and that's all there is to it."

"Why, what's the matter with him?" asked the thin man with the bushy black beard. "I never heard of anybody who had any particular fault to find with Gumeridge. I think he's one of the finest fellows that ever stepped. I've known him for twenty years and I've never seen anything wrong with him."

"No, I don't suppose you have," said the citizen of circumference. "Still, I should think you'd have got sick of it in that time."

"Sick of what?"

"Taffy, soft soap, flattery; that's what I mean. That's what I don't like about him. He puts it all over you with a spade. That sort of thing sickens me."

"I didn't notice him putting it all over you. He seemed to be pleasant, as he generally is with everybody, but I don't think he flattered you."

"No, he didn't flatter me. He was flattering you."

"Gumeridge?"

"Yes, Gumeridge. Take it at lunch the last time. 'Let Billy order,' he says, 'I think Billy can order a lunch a little better than anybody I know of. If Billy wasn't a corking good business man he'd have made the bulkiest kind of a head waiter. When I want something extra good, just the right kind of combination of eatables,

I tell you I put my trust in Billy every time."

"Well," said Billy, "I guess I do know a thing or two in that line."

"There are others," said the large man. "I've got a sneaking sort of notion that I'm pretty good in that line myself. But you were a 'corking good business man' as well."

"Well, I'm not generally regarded as a slouch," said the thin man with the bushy black beard.

"Perhaps not. Mind you, I don't say you are. I don't think I'm any slouch as far as that goes, but I don't want a man going around in front of me with a trumpet proclaiming it. 'Billy's a good fellow,' 'Billy always was a good deal of a ladies' man,' 'You can't fool Billy on a diamond,' 'You couldn't get Billy to go into any crooked deal of that kind,' 'That's one thing I can say about Billy: I always know just where to find him. He'll stand by his friends, Billy will.' 'When I'm in doubt I always ask Billy's opinion,' and so on."

"I don't see anything particular for you to take exception to in that," said the bearded man.

"You don't?"

"I certainly do not."

"You like a man who flatters you, do you, then?"

"I don't see why you would call it flattery. I may have a few good qualities and Gumeridge may have discrimination enough to recognize them, but I hope that isn't any hanging offense. For the matter of that, he was a good deal taken with you and I heard him cracking you up no end the other day to some of the people at the club."

"Well," said the stout citizen with a slightly mollified air, "of course I may be mistaken in him. I wouldn't want to judge a man too hastily, and in other respects he struck me as a nice fellow. What did he say about me, Bill?" —Chicago Daily News.

NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR TOGO'S FLAG-SHIP.



A JAP ENGINEERING TRIUMPH: THE RAISING OF THE MIKASA.

The Japanese never consider a vessel lost. All the battered hulks of the Russian navy have been recovered from the mud of Port Arthur, and are now efficient members of the Mikado's navy. Togo's flagship, the Mikasa, which took fire and sank in the harbor of Sasebo, has now, after months of patient engineering effort, been refloated. The hull was boarded up, all leaks stopped, and the water pumped out. The vessel rose to view mud-covered and rusty, but still capable of refitment, and very soon the admiral will be on his old bridge again. The fire is now known to have been due to spontaneous combustion caused by the decomposition of chemicals.

A Picked-Up Living.

A convict's complacent acceptance of life's possibilities is shown in a dialogue between the criminal and Captain Spencer, senior missionary of the English Church Army. To a question of the captain's as to what he did when out of prison, he replied:

"Well, in spring I does a bit of peapicking, and in the summer-time

ALASKA SENTINEL

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AN ARRAY OF FACTS

(Boston Alaskan)

Alaskan matters probably never will be adequately managed by congress until there is formed in both senate and house a permanent committee on Alaskan affairs, similar to the senate committee now having charge of matters connected with the Philippines. In the meanwhile, Alaska has some needs that she looks to the government to supply, prominently among which are two which, when met, will be the cause of attracting settlers and colonists to the district, to wit: Federally supervised transportation facilities and properly surveyed homestead lands. Alaska will obtain these privileges when congress comes to fully recognize the importance of the vast territory which even may makers in the past have seen fit to dwarf and cause to appear insignificant by drawing the district to a smaller scale than the rest of the United States.

The enterprise that the Canadian government is showing in the exploitation of its provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta ought to be an object lesson to the United States. Conditions for settlement there are made so attractive that a continually increasing stream of immigration is flowing from the western states across the border. The United States cannot afford to supinely allow the depletion of its population to the extent to which Canada is drawing from Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota and neighboring states. It is stated that 59,000 Americans filed claims to land in the Canadian Northwest last year, which is equivalent to saying that more than 100,000 persons left the protection of the Stars and Stripes to take up residence under the British flag. Yet ten years before, in 1896, only forty-nine Americans left the United States to settle on the Canadian public lands. A similar ratio of increase for the next decade, were it possible, would more than twice depopulate the nation.

Less than a quarter of a century ago the Northwest Territory of Canada, the country from which Saskatchewan and Alberta have been carved, was considered little more than a howling wilderness; today, the wheat fields of that section, though practically its only commercial asset, are contributing the grain toward the world's bread to the extent of ninety million bushels a year, an amount which it is expected will be trebled by the time additional transportation facilities now being installed are completed.

The natural conditions of many parts of Alaska exceed several times those obtaining in the new Canadian provinces. Government agricultural experiments have proved beyond doubt that immense areas of Alaska are capable of raising wheat and other grains, so that in this industry the American district can meet the Canadian prov-

inoes and will readily pass them in commercial returns when her additional matchless stores of mineral and other wealth are taken into consideration. But the reason that the new Canadian provinces flourish today is that the Canadian government has taken a hand in the development of the country by providing for the entrance of settlers and colonists without undue expense to the individual. The government aided the railroad and surveyed the land.

The conditions for the acquirement of a homestead in Canada are far easier than in Alaska. In Canada it is possible for a man and three sons, the youngest of whom is 17 years of age, each to take up a quarter section at trifling expense, build a house for all on one quarter section, do the required six months' improvement work on each for three years, and at the end of that time obtain crown grants for all four quarter sections. In Alaska, while conditions are very liberal, a man taking up a homestead of 320 acres must do improvement work for five years before obtaining title, though he is privileged at the end of the first year to have 160 acres surveyed at his own expense, and by paying \$1.25 per acre obtain full right.

Alaska needs railroads, and is going to have them. It remains for congress to decide whether the transportation in the new country shall be carried on under similar conditions to those existing in the States, and which have made American railroad franchises a byword among nations, or whether, profiting by past experience, its senators and representatives, recognizing their opportunity, shall see to it that they set before the world an example of what can be done by legislative wisdom intelligently applied to transportation problems.

HOME TRADE FOR ALASKA TOWNS

Under the above caption, the Ketchikan Mining Journal struck the nail squarely on the head when it said:

"The slightest investigation will prove that Alaska is a rich field for the big mail order houses. This is a great misfortune to all classes, not alone those who are in business, but that larger class who work for wages. If we are to found prosperous communities, the business men, the professional men and the wage earners must all unite in the work of making the town, and unless this is done it is useless to expect favorable results. What makes a town is the homes in it, not of the merchants, but of all classes. To be a good community in which to live, the town must have all the advantages of civilization, which only can come from united home builders. It is an old adage that 'united, we stand; divided, we fall,' and this applies in town-building with greater force than in almost any other line. To be united, we must commence at the very foundation and build up the home trade. If you are in the grocery business and you send to the mail order houses for your shoes and clothing, you are injuring yourself as well as your neighbor who sells shoes or clothing. You injure yourself by setting a bad example, which other dealers will be likely to follow. If you are a wage earner you should stand by your town, for that will help to make all kinds of business prosperous, and prosperity brings about permanent employment as well as good wages in all lines.

What we need and must have is a broader spirit in all matters, a fuller confidence in our fellow townsmen and in our town. Put aside bickerings and that spirit of

jealousy which dwarfs our natures, destroys our usefulness and injures the community in which we live. Let the new life be commenced by being loyal to ourselves and the business interests of the community. Shun the mail order houses, for many good reasons; first, because we nearly always get inferior goods, and, second, the money we send to these concerns never comes back to us; on the contrary, the money we pay our local merchants is put in circulation in the community, and finally much of it finds its way back to us."

That rock which stands in this harbor, just east of Point Shakesay, should either be blown out with dynamite or have a buoy placed upon it for the benefit of strangers coming into the anchorage. Many times people unacquainted with the bay have been warned away from that rock, and a few dollars spent in blowing it out or marking it with a spar might save property, and, possibly, life. Besides it would make strangers feel that the townspeople appreciate their visits.

After reading the reports of the political "tearing out" which is going on at 'Frisco, one quickly arrives at the conclusion that graft is sure to be discovered sooner or later, and that honesty is the best policy after all.

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